Unseen Resources

ELIZABETH C. TWIGGS

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UNSEEN RESOURCES

BY

Elizabeth C. Twiggs

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer: and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—Isaiah 65: 24.

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no 1

This little volume is dedicated to the memory of my beloved friend and teacher

ELLA OVIATT FISH

In recognition and appreciation of a beautiful life of service, whose influence will ever live in the minds and hearts of all her pupils.
—Elizabeth C. Twiggs.

UNSEEN RESOURCES

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CHAPTER I

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Early in the present century a ceramic wave swept over the country, engulfing thousands—artists, would-be artists, and dealers in art. Many loved art for art's sake, many took it up as a fashionable fad or as a pot-boiler to eke out a scanty income.

Eva Channing was a most ardent devotee of the fad. Having dabbled in oils and water colors, she naturally longed to know what success she would have with china painting, and after taking a course of lessons with a local teacher, she practised hours each day.

Her husband, John Channing, a lawyer in the city, was modestly successful. His home, his pretty young wife and sturdy little son five years of age, filled his life with contentment.

He was both surprised and interested to see his wife so deeply engrossed in "daubing," as he called it. He thought it was one of the fads that would have its run and die away, as other fads had; but this one seemed different. It hung on, stuck, week after

week and month after month, and seemed to grow stronger with the passing of time.

Books, sewing, even amusements, were all swept aside to make more time for painting. Of course such close application soon told, and before long Eva was able to show some very creditable specimens of her work. Several friends asked her to teach them, so a class was formed, many pieces of her work were sold as soon as completed, and before long a little book was needed to take care of the orders which came in almost daily.

Before many months the simple, plain little home of the Channings began to show a marked change.

A most interesting event was the installation of a kiln in which to fire the china. Both skill and deftness were required to stack the kiln, separating each piece with little stilts, so that no two pieces should touch; discrimination as to which colors required the hottest and others the coolest places; and then lighting the fire beneath and watching the different stages of heat through which even the most fragile pieces of china must pass.

What speculation, what hope, and sometimes what anxiety were experienced during the time which must elapse before the kiln had cooled sufficiently to open the door!

A great desire for more instruction filled Eva's breast. She wanted to know and study with the best teachers, so that she

too could talk with assurance and satisfaction of Professor Brushoff's and Professor Painoff's methods. After a most successful season she found she was able to carry out her wishes, so leaving her husband and little son in capable hands, she arranged for a month's absence to be spent in two well known Michigan studios. There she met teachers and students from almost every state in the Union.

They discussed art in all its phases. Technique, paints, lusters, firing and gold. They were all so interested in art that they became chummy in a very short time and spent most of their spare time at each other's boarding places, of which there were many adjacent to the studio.

After a month, with daily lessons, including the copying in water colors of many beautiful designs, Eva was most eager to get back home to husband, little son, and the many friends and students who were interested in her progress.

CHAPTER II

THE EXHIBIT

Arriving home, her beautiful trophies unpacked and admired, she concluded to give an exhibit. To that end the little house was completely transformed, doors were changed into larger openings, and several artistic small windows were added. The entire lower floor was redecorated. Rugs and decorations were beautifully blended, the lights were differently placed and softened with harmonious shades to match the velvety hangings. One could scarcely believe it was the same place.

Beautiful pieces of china were everywhere. Plaques of roses, vases and tankards decorated with berries or fruits, great jardinieres of beautiful feathery ferns, filled in bare corners. A most beautiful china cabinet, filled with dainty, fragile china, was placed in the dining room; a side table had a brown and gold chocolate set arranged upon it; on another table a punch-bowl and cups done in wild roses and black berries, which seemed most too beautiful to use. There were beautiful embroidered linens everywhere, everything had been arranged to a nicety.

A group of Eva's friends were to assist

her. Punch and wafers were served, and the weather was all that could be desired.

Dressed in their best finery, the hostesses greeted an almost endless procession of guests from two o'clock till six, and then from eight o'clock till ten. Neighbors, friends, and friends' friends, all were greatly interested. Eva was beaming. The pretty things were selling readily and many orders were taken for more, to be filled later. Everyone was so pleasant and complimentary, and how glad she was that she had gone away to study. It gave one such an advantage!

When it was all over and the last goodnight said, Eva found that she was scarcely able to drag herself upstairs. She had not even felt tired before.

What a great success it had been! Money had just been showered into her lap, even some of the order work had been paid for in advance.

Well, there was no time now to be idle, the holidays were only eight weeks away, and the daylight growing less and less each day, much too short to accomplish all she must do, so that no one should be disappointed.

When everyone had apparently forgotten Eva's trip to the studios, little Sonny entered the studio one morning with a handful of grasses and a few late flowers. Laying them in Eva's lap he said, "Mamma, I

bringed you some pitty f'owers. Don't go big bye-bye any more."

Eva took the little fellow in her arms and covered his face with kisses. This was the first idea she had that Sonny boy had missed her. He had accepted all the changes in the little home so philosophically. He and his little dog Larry had grown to be inseparable companions. Even the gift of a red automobile, propelled by all the power of two sturdy legs, could not wean his affections from Larry.

Sonny was a most friendly little chap, and usually called on new neighbors when they were moving in, often asking them if they had any little boys for him to play with.

One day while his father was busy sprinkling the lawn, Sonny came gravely along, leading a little boy and girl. They were all very much disheveled, but this mattered not to them. Upon reaching his father he said, "Daddy, this is Sis and this is Buddy; they have come here to live, and we're going to play togedder."

From that time on, these little people seemed to share all things in common—cookies, popcorn, candy, the red automobile, and Larry.

Sometimes on a rainy day Sonny would wander into the studio and say, "Me wants to paint." A great hugging bee would follow, then a little table with water colors, a study, some water, a brush, a paint rag and

a plate to work on, would be arranged for him.

For a time he would work away most industriously, then he would hold his work off at arm's length, shut one eye as he had seen others do, bite on the handle of his brush meditatively, then rub it all out and begin over again.

CHAPTER III

LAYING UP TREASURE

Eight busy years passed away. Success came to Eva, though it cost her many hours of leisure and the companionship of John and Sonny, but she felt that she had helped in many, many ways to lay up something for the future. Their home was filled with good books, pictures, silver, linen; she was the proud possessor of several fine jewels, besides the feeling of satisfaction which comes from the possession of a substantial bank account.

Her days had been busy ones. Life was a routine of teaching, retouching and firing pupils' work, sketching and planning. She had little time for friends or family. It had always been her custom to attend church and Sunday school, but frequently she found her mind busy with the art of a country rather than its missions.

After an unusually busy winter, Eva found that her eyes were not doing their work, her head ached, her throat felt sore and her back pained all the time. John urged her to call in Dr. Gray, their physician, who was startled to see the change in her.

He jokingly asked her if she had taken

her own way of "painting the town." He looked into her eyes, her throat, and inquired if her teeth needed attention, then he told her to put aside all her work, and to get out of doors, to relax, to walk, to rest and sleep. "Rest, air and sunshine are *all* you need," he told her. "Without them you will *never* get well; your whole system is in crying need of them."

Dr. Gray called on John in town and informed him how serious Eva's condition was.

"You had better close your home for the summer months," he said, "and go away for a change. Eva is a *very* sick woman."

As John sat thinking of Dr. Gray's advice, and wondering just what it would be best to do, Harry Avery, an old friend and college mate, dropped in to see him. He looked well and prosperous, and apparently was in the best of humor. John complimented him and jokingly asked him if he had fallen heir to a young fortune.

"In a way, I have," responded Harry. "I have learned the trick of making my money work for me. I'll tell you, John, it is very simple. You can't lose and you stand the chance of doubling your money in a very short time. But you must have some capital, a couple of thousand ready money to do it."

John smiled as he turned over in his mind all his available assets. The little home, an

abandoned farm, which he had inherited, a couple of hundred dollars in the bank for an emergency fund, was all that he could call his own.

He was about to dismiss the subject from his mind when he remembered what Dr. Gray had told him of Eva's health, that she ought to have at least four months away at the seashore or mountains, without care or anxiety. He told Harry of his dilemma and was advised by him to dispose of his home, convert it into cash, and use part of it for investment purposes. John concluded to talk the matter over with Eva and leave it to her decision.

That night after Sonny had gone to bed, John broached the subject of Harry Avery's call, his success, his new car and the trip he was planning to take with his family. At first Eva listened in a most disinterested manner, then realized that she was feeling very, very ill and tired, almost too tired to care about anything.

Art just now was the most distasteful thing imaginable. The very thought of paints, oils or turpentine was repugnant to her; her greatest desire was to get away from it all.

John unfolded Mr. Avery's plan to Eva and suggested disposing of their house. Eva assented almost eagerly and offered John her savings, also, to invest in stocks that promised such good dividends without work

or worry. So the little house and lot were advertised and very soon sold, and all the books, pictures and beautiful china were packed in boxes and barrels to be stored with the best furniture until fall or until such time as their investments had been turned over many times and they desired to buy or build again.

During the weary days of packing china and bric-a-brac, Eva, ill and anxious, found herself thinking how little it all amounted to without health. The very things she had spent most time and labor on, were now only a care.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE TRAIL OF HEALTH

After much advertising and diligent searching, a comfortably furnished cottage was found and engaged for the season, at a resort called "East Shore." Faithful Hilda, the maid, accompanied them and in every way tried to relieve her ailing mistress of care.

In a few days the cottage was arranged to suit them and seemed most homelike. Sonny was wild with delight. It was his first view of the ocean. It was all wonderful to him—the shells, the bathing, the boating and fishing. Every day was brim full of adventures.

One morning, shortly after locating at East Shore, a heavy rain fell and the cottage was cold and damp. Eva decided to have a driftwood fire in the grate, which she found already filled with paper and wood, ready to light. As she lifted off the blower, two torn sheets of paper fluttered down on the hearth, having been drawn out of the grate by the suction of the blower.

She struck a match, waited for it to burn clearly, then lit the paper in the grate and replaced the blower.

As she did this her eyes fell upon the torn

sheets of paper on the hearth. She picked them up to throw them into the fire, but instead she rose and went to the window. The pages were crumpled and sooty, ink had been spilled over them, but nevertheless there was something new to her in them.

This much stood out clear and plain: "The choice lies with you, whether you will have health or sickness, wealth or poverty, joy or sorrow. Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life!"

As she read and reread these lines, she returned to the fireplace wondering if the rest of the book was in the flames. The fire was burning brightly as she turned over the contents of the grate with the poker, but she could discover no signs of a book. Again she read the words, "The choice lies with you."

What kind of a book were these pages torn from? Was it science, religion or philosophy? Turning over the ink-stained page, she was able to decipher the words, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." All the rest of the page was undecipherable, too torn or darkened with ink to read. She was about to throw them into the fire, but refrained and tucked them into her work basket.

When she took up her sewing her mind dwelt on the words. She wished she knew the name of the book or the kind of a book it was. How did it happen to be in the cot-

tage? Maybe she could get in touch with the last occupants. Was there a mystical way of always being well, prosperous and happy, that other people knew, and of which she was ignorant? In a vague way she wondered if there was any connection between one's belief or religion and his health. She fell to wondering how or when she chose to be sick. How *could* any one ever choose to be poor, sick or unhappy? What nonsense! She tried to dismiss the subject from her mind.

As the sun shone brightly and the day grew warmer, she followed Sonny out on the lawn, where a bright hammock swung between two towering oak trees, and as she lay resting, Hilda brought out a tray containing cookies for Sonny and a warm drink for her. After drinking the cordial, and wrapping her scarf about her, she lay back among the pillows, delightfully comfortable, but wishing she knew what the author of that book meant by "*choosing.*"

The shrill voices of the children on the beach at play blended into the cadence of the surf; even Sonny's voice seemed to grow fainter and fainter and farther away, and there under the blue sky, with the soft summer wind fanning her face, Eva started on the trail of health.

CHAPTER V

FALLEN LEAVES

When John came down for the week-end, he found Eva very much improved, the lines of care having left her face and there was just the faintest suggestion of color in her cheeks. She expatiated on the view, the sky and water. She told him how sleepy the air made her, how much better the food was in the country. John smiled and agreed with her. Then she told him about the leaves of the book she had found, she showed them to him and wondered if he could get the book at the library. He agreed to try.

The next trip out to East Shore found John laden with books. Together they looked them over, but none of them seemed the one she was searching for. However, she had made a clear choice to get well, to be a real wife and mother, whether she ever painted again or not.

As the days passed by, all of Sonny's friends became aquainted with Eva; she had been an honored guest at bacon and potato roasts, she had made happier combinations for them than wieners and marshmallows. They had all sat around the "camp fire" with her and listened to the stories she had learned to know so well, having told them

again and again to Sonny, from Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, Uncle Remus and Kipling's Jungle Stories. They had all accepted her as a "good scout." Her porch had been the receptacle for bats, balls, mitts and guards, kites, bubble blowers and water wings, mosses, ferns and lucky stones, besides innumerable jars of minnows, tadpoles and mud-turtles. Sometimes, on rainy days, or days too cool to play out doors, the "bunch" would meet in the Channing cottage, where they gathered about the driftwood fire, while Eva read to them from the few books Sonny had brought with him.

Sometimes they asked for "Robinson Crusoe" or "Treasure Island," but the "Coon, the possum and the old black crow" seemed most real to them.

"Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe" were prime favorites and the pages of "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubb's Brother" displayed the marks of many small hands.

Sonny listened also and observed the rest with a provokingly wise smile on his face, as if to say "Oh, you fellows, see what you've been missing!" Occasionally Eva insisted upon a "fagot party," when each boy threw a stick of driftwood into the fire and told a story he had read or heard, while it burned. At first they were shy and reluctant to talk, but as Eva encouraged them to tell *something*, if it was only of the stories she had read them, they forgot to be

bashful and before the season was over Eva knew she had instilled a deep desire in the heart of every boy for wholesome literature. She felt almost well again, possibly not as strong as formerly, but able to take long walks and attend to many household duties.

September had come, with cool, crisp nights and mornings, and hazy warm days; the woods were glorious in colors of green, brown, crimson and gold. How she would love to paint them!

The time had come to locate for the winter, for Sonny must go back to school. Such a bonny brown boy, as tall as his mother! He had acquired a number of accomplishments. He could dive, swim, row or fish as well as any of the fellows. When John made his last trip to East Shore for the season, to bring Eva and Sonny back to town, and noted the improved appearance of both, he congratulated himself on his choice of a health resort.

Mr. Avery had directed all of John's investments in stocks and bonds. Only a few hundred dollars had been withheld for immediate use, so a house could not be purchased just yet, and a furnished apartment was decided upon for the winter. Fortunately they learned of a friend who was going to Florida for the winter; terms were soon arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and in a short time they found themselves most cosily settled.

Eva found many things to attend to. Sonny had outgrown every garment, and must be completely refitted. There was jelly to make and canning to do.

It was nearly October before Eva had time to think of her own needs. One day while shopping she was pleased to meet one of her girl friends, Mrs. Reed.

"How strange! I was thinking of you this morning, and 'phoned Mr. Channing to know how I might find you, and he gave me your present address," Mrs. Reed said. "How well you look! You must have had a pleasant summer!"

They lunched together, and Eva told her friend what a wonderful outing she had had. She even grew confidential and told her about finding the torn leaves, and that she had almost grown to regard them as the talisman that had brought her health.

"I am so interested, I wish I knew where I could get the whole book," concluded Eva.

"I believe I know just how to direct you," said Mrs. Reed. "I have an acquaintance who is a student of that very kind of literature; if you wish to, we will call upon her next Tuesday, that is her day 'at home.' Be ready by two o'clock. I'll call for you."

Agreeable to her promise, Mrs. Reed called for Eva the following Tuesday. On the way over, Mrs. Reed explained they were going to see a lady named Mrs. Fiske, a former well known society woman who

had been very, very ill, and whose life had been despaired of by several prominent physicians, but who had been healed by a power she had been taught to find within herself. She was past middle age, a widow, the mistress of a beautiful home, a woman of wealth and of rare culture.

Her elegant home was now opened to anyone who cared to come and study the beautiful lessons of "Truth" which had done so much for her.

Upon their arrival they entered without waiting to ring, and Eva found herself in a large hall, from which could be seen three large beautiful rooms, furnished most luxuriously, yet with exquisite taste.

A slender lady advanced to meet them. She was dressed in a delicate gown of heliotrope, with dainty lace at her throat and wrists. Her silvery hair was dressed high. She extended her hands to them, and in a sweet, gracious manner invited them to make themselves comfortable. Then she left them to greet the others who continued to come. As they waited, Eva noted the statuary and pictures. Two pictures were especially beautiful, the Child Jesus, and Christ in the Temple. Just below these was a group of three pictures in one frame: Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, Christ on the Cross, and The Risen Christ. Beneath them was printed the words: "Through the Garden of Gethsemane and

by the Way of the Cross, we may choose the Steps of Ascension."

"I wonder why the word *choose* or choice is used so often," thought Eva. "I am glad to be where I shall have an opportunity to find out."

CHAPTER VI

THE CLASS

Shortly after two o'clock, a young lady whom Mrs. Fiske called Lucille, seated herself at the piano, and played a selection, and then in a sweet natural way began to sing. Eva never forgot that song or the singer. It seemed to convey a new sense of restfulness and freedom to her.

"For we know that every Morrow can be glad
And forgetting all the sorrows we have had,
We will banish all our fears,
Wipe away our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years, just be glad!"

It was not a hymn, yet how uplifting! As Eva looked about her, every face seemed radiant with happiness. As many as thirty people had assembled, and judging from their dress they were from various classes of society, but they seemed unconscious of everything save the presence of the sweet woman who rose to address them.

"Let us open our lesson with the 'Realizations.'"

A leaflet was enclosed in each song book, and Eva read with the rest.

" 'My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditations of my heart shall be peace.

" 'The law of my life is made perfect, I am one with The One.

" 'I have received my inheritance, I dwell in the house of my God.

" 'My heart will never turn back, neither will my steps decline from His way.

" 'I am one with the Great Spiritual Consciousness of Life, I abide in this union.

" 'Health, wealth, love and usefulness are mine now.

" 'I am a conscious part of the Mighty Whole. I am backed by unnumbered hosts of power.

" 'I have found the way, the truth and the life. My steps are led through love, joy, and worship.

" 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' "

The Realization was followed by a chant or melody, which was soft and sweet. The words were:

"I clothe myself safely around with Infinite
love and wisdom,
With love, with love, with Infinite love and
wisdom."

Mrs. Fiske then took up her Bible and read from it.

" 'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seest in secret shall reward thee openly.' (Matt. 6:6,7,8.)

" 'But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.

" 'Be ye therefore not like them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

" 'Therefore I say unto you, that what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.' (Mark 11:24.)

" 'Ye ask, and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.' (James 5-3.)

"What is wrong with our prayers when they are not answered?" she asked as she put down her Bible and began to question each member of the class. Lucille arose and took a place near Mrs. Fiske, and for the first time Eva noticed a board suspended from the wall, on which were tacked sheets of paper on which were numerous references and the words, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

In a flash Eva remembered these were the very words she had read on one of the torn pages.

The first person answered, "Our prayers are not answered because we do not ask for the right things."

The next one said, "We should pray more earnestly."

Another said, "Prayer is to develop us spiritually."

As each answer was given, Lucille wrote it out in brief on the board so all could see and compare.

"What do you think, Lucille, the reason is?"

"I think it is lack of faith," Lucille answered.

Mrs. Fiske opened her Bible and read Heb. 11:1,2,3.

" 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

" 'By it the elders (or teachers) obtained a good report (from those who had walked by faith).

" 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.' "

She continued to read until the thirteenth verse, when she stopped, and then she slowly reread it.

" 'These all died in the faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off, they were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on earth.' "

"Let us read that verse this way, she said, 'They all had faith in God, but believed his promises were for the future, they believed and were convinced they were true, and they loved to think of them, but they had not the courage to live them.' (Heb. 11: 13,14.)

"So of course those who are not willing to have heaven here and now, must wait until their minds are ready to accept all His good promises," yet he tells us "The Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand.*"

She continued to read the entire chapter and concluded:

"Does it not seem impossible for us to be so blind! Faith is the only thing we need, to have every prayer answered. First, have faith in God. If you haven't got it, ask Him to give it to you. Believe that God is, then believe that God is Spirit and that His Spirit dwells in each of us, awaiting recognition, willing to help us in every way."

Turning to Matt. 6:33 she read, " 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' Where shall we find the kingdom? The kingdom of heaven is within you. God is never far away. Pray to God within your own breast. Be still, and know He is there. Do not think you must pray at a certain time or place, or under certain special conditions. Pray anywhere, everywhere. Think Him into every part of your life. That is living, moving and having your being in Him.

"When you thus abandon yourself to Him, you will have no more responsibility than when you are a passenger on a ship or a train. God is your Pilot, your Engineer, and He will bring you safely through. Just trust Him!"

Eva listened as one spellbound. It was all so new, so different from the way she had been taught.

The discussion which followed was a lively one, each one taking part eagerly, willingly. There were no solemn long pauses, no drowsy, half-awake people there. Two hours had flown away. A beautiful hymn was sung:

"Peace like a river, it floweth so free
Out from the heart of Infinity,
Oh, troubled spirit, it floweth for thee;
Peace like a river, Peace like a river!"

As Eva listened, she seemed to feel at peace with the whole world. What a restful atmosphere! How she longed to know more about it! She was roused from her reverie by the gentle voice of Mrs. Fiske saying, "We will now have our Silence, we know our Source and there we wait to be filled with power."

Eva bowed her head with the others, expecting to hear a few words of prayer, but no voice broke the stillness. At the end of a few minutes Mrs. Fiske said, "We thank Thee, our Father, Thou hast heard our prayer."

Then they all rose. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, and they lingered in little groups to visit. Every one seemed so happy. Mrs. Reed waited, with Eva, for a few moments' chat with Mrs. Fiske.

As she came forward she said, "Did you enjoy the meeting?" "Oh, so much!" responded Eva, "only I don't quite understand it."

"You will, my child, if you want to," Mrs. Fiske replied. "Come again, let us teach you, you will always be welcome here, we love to help each other."

From that day on, Eva never missed a class meeting if she could possibly help it, whether Mrs. Reed accompanied her or not. She read everything she could get to read on Truth. She became happier, consequently healthier. She had many little chats with Mrs. Fiske and grew to love her dearly and felt free to ask her innumerable questions.

One day at the close of a lesson, Eva said, "Do you believe in a personal God or a universal One?"

A quick smile illumined the face of Mrs. Fiske. Instead of answering, she said in a slightly raised voice, "Our next lesson will be on 'Light.' Every one come with a verse containing the word 'Light.'"

Putting her arm across Eva's shoulders she said, "Be sure to come, dear, it will help you answer your own question."

CHAPTER VII

THE TRUE LIGHT

Tuesday came, and Eva was again at the class. Everything looked as usual, except for a tall white candle in a crystal holder, and a good sized pasteboard box on Mrs. Fiske's table.

The lesson sheet contained a number of quotations.

"God is Light, Love, Life, Illumination, Intelligence, Power."

"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1:9.)

"God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." (John 4:24.)

After opening the lesson, Mrs. Fiske inquired if any one was without a verse. Those who had none she supplied. Lucille then lowered the shades, the tall candle on the lesson table was lighted and the electric lights turned off. The white box was then passed and each student took a candle.

After they had all been supplied, Mrs. Fiske said to the class, "I would like you to come forward one by one, and light your candles from the 'Great Light' which we

will call Christ, form a circle about the table, then we will read our verses."

As one candle after another was lit, the darkened room glowed with a mellow radiance, and the verses seemed to contain a new meaning. Mrs. Fiske quoted from James Russell Lowell: "As one lamp lighteth another, nor groweth less, nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

"Do you see, friends," she said, "how God can be both personal and universal? Make Him your own, let Him occupy you. 'Let your Light so shine before men that they shall see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.' (Matt. 5:16.)

" 'Let there be Light.' That means let us co-operate with God. This is the 'Light' we must all learn to use if we want paths of peace. Do you remember the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins? (Matt. 25:1.) Five went to the marriage feast with the Light of the Spirit, five went with the Light of their own understanding, to these the door was shut, and so many doors will be shut to us, until we learn to use the true Light. Doors of health, wealth, happiness and glorious opportunity all open to us when the true Light comes into our lives."

It was four o'clock when the last member of the class had bade goodbye to Mrs. Fiske, still Eva tarried, and when she saw they were quite alone, she said to Mrs. Fiske,

"Are you too tired to answer a few questions?"

"No, never," answered Mrs. Fiske, "ask as many as you like and if I can help you, I shall be more than pleased."

"Well," said Eva, "I just want to be sure that I got the right meaning of the lesson. God, Light and the Spirit mean the same thing?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Fiske.

"And the Light, which is the same as the Great Light, or Spirit, is in all of us; that we gain more Light by using what we have. Disuse causes our Light to grow dim?"

"You have *exactly* the right meaning. What else?" asked Mrs. Fiske as Eva hesitated.

"Only I don't seem to know how to find the Light in myself."

"Then you shall," quickly responded Mrs. Fiske. "I shall never forgive myself if I fail to make it so simple that you *must* understand it. Before next lesson day comes, read Matt. 6, which tells us how to pray."

CHAPTER VIII

THE SILENCE

When Eva again went to the home of Mrs. Fiske, she had almost committed Matt. 6 to memory, and she was interested to know how Mrs. Fiske would teach it. As she looked at the lesson sheet she saw there were many more references than usual, and knew that Mrs. Fiske intended to go into it thoroughly.

"But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seest in secret shall reward thee openly." (Matt. 6:6.)

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." (Rev. 3:20.)

"There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job 32:8.)

The lesson was opened in the usual way, then Mrs. Fiske said to the class, "Without the Silence or communion with God we can never hope to make any progress, and in order that every one may understand how to get results we will be very simple and direct.

"The 'Silence' means a period of time we set apart each day for meditation or prayer. We can arrange a time when we are least likely to be interrupted. Be alone. Shut the door of your mind to every worldly care, then listen to God. Relax, be still, and soon you will have a wonderful inflow of thoughts. Just be passive and let Him use your brain. At first you may find it hard to control your thoughts. Never mind. Simply have faith in His promises, that is the way to open the door that He may come into your life.

"We have shut Him up in the tomb of self too long. It will not be many days before you will experience a new feeling, something restful, peaceful, satisfying, a sweetness you have never known before, a sense of completeness—I cannot exactly describe it—I only know I would never let a day pass again without it. Right within yourself is the 'Secret place of the Most High' where you can meet with God; where you can tell Him every care and perplexity. Our Father knows the things which we have need of, and is more willing to give them to us, than we are to receive them.

"This is the time God fills us with new strength, wisdom and inspiration, this is the time when the unseen life from the vine flows into the branch, and it will not be long before new and better ways suggest them-

selves to you, and you will be helped over many difficult places.

" 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light, and you will find rest unto your souls.' Some of us have forgotten what it means to have our souls rested.

"Do not expect all these things at once. Try to live to the highest and best knowledge you possess, then as you do this you will acquire a new poise, a clearer view of all your affairs, because the Light is lighting your way and is keeping your feet from stumbling and He has promised no evil shall befall us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling; He will give angels charge of us." (Ps. 91.)

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things have passed away." That means old doubts and fears about sin, sickness, poverty and death.

"And behold all things are become new." (II Cor. 5:17.) Everything changes with the renewing of our minds.

"Jesus said, 'Narrow is the way which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it.' (Matt. 7:14.) This verse refers distinctly to the Silence. Remember the purpose of the Silence is to quiet the *outer* mind sufficiently that we may hear the wisdom of the 'Inner Man.'

"Do not try to concentrate on disks, crystals, tones, gems, or colors, or seek to enter

the psychic realm, it is destructive to both mind and body.

"Insane asylums are being filled with those who have tried to develop themselves psychically or who have consulted ouija boards.

"Work out your own salvation with Christ, the Indwelling Spirit, who will lead you into all Truth. (John 16:13.) When you are ready for messages from the invisible side they will be given to you. It will never be necessary for you to go after them.

"When you make contact with the Spirit of Christ you are protected from all undesirable entities. Psychical experiences always come through making contact with the mental forces without first establishing the wisdom and power of the Spirit within. We must proclaim our freedom from all lesser voices than the Divine. If 'God made the earth, the seas and all that in them in,' let us rest assured he is able to control them."

"You cannot pry open a bud without injuring it, so do not try to know what is not best for you. Begin your silence by reading a chapter in your Bible. Meditate upon it. If you need faith, ask for it."

"You can say like one poor fellow did, 'Oh God,—if there is a God—give me Light, —if there is Light.' Be open minded, willing.

"Our prayers do not change God, He is

unchangeable. The same yesterday, today, forever. But our prayers change us; they help us understand Him. A magnifying glass does not change the print of our book or newspaper; it only enables us to see it more clearly. There is no stability in life until we put from us the thought that God can change."

The discussion which followed the lesson was as interesting as the lesson itself. Many of the students cited instances of prayers which had been speedily answered. The calm, steadfast assurance of these recitations left no doubt in Eva's mind that they had found something satisfying and worth while. Eva was continually thinking of things she wanted to talk about with Mrs. Fiske and when an opportunity presented itself she said, "Will you please tell me what you think of the parable of the vineyard, Matt. 20; it has never seemed just right to me."

"Let's read it," said Mrs. Fiske, as she reached for her Bible. "Well," she said, after refreshing her memory, "how do *you* understand it?"

"Why, it does not seem fair or just to me that a man who has labored all day in the vineyard should receive no more pay than the one who has labored one hour," said Eva.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fiske, "God is debtor unto no man! The pay we receive

for serving the Master is more *abundant life*, He offers it to all, whether they serve an hour or a day, and He tells us very plainly, whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive."

The loss is not God's loss, it is man's. Just as soon as we find Christ and try to follow Him we wish we had started sooner, because of the signs that follow, health, harmony, substance.

"Have I made it clearer to you?"

"Oh, yes," said Eva, "that makes it all right."

CHAPTER IX

THE PLAN AND PURPOSE

Eva was a new creature. A wonderful new world had opened to her. Here was something worth while, religion of a kind that was satisfying and practical for every-day use. To be able to have prayers answered. To get our good here and now, "*the desires of our hearts.*" A power within ourselves to be called upon at any or all times.

Her Bible was read with an entirely new interest and became as fascinating as a love story. She began to hear of lectures on subjects which heretofore would have been without interest or value to her, and everywhere she met students from the class.

As time passed she found many things had become new. She was all she had ever been, *plus* better health, strength and greater intelligence. Life seemed happier and more harmonious than ever before.

One day while Eva and Mrs. Fiske were visiting together, Mrs. Fiske said, "God has a plan and a purpose for each life and we ought not to flounder about dissatisfied and disappointed. I believe the 'Divine Architect' intended that we should all be harmoniously situated; that we should enjoy life

and that as we all find our life work, it will form a beautiful mosaic. (Eph. 4:11,12,13, 14.) We must all be steadfast in our search for the sealed message which we carry in our own being. It is left for each one of us to hear the hidden message."

"But how can we tell which is the right message?" asked Eva.

"You will know it, my child, because the right message speaks of equity, justice and harmony to every one. By following the 'Soundless Voice' you can neither suffer harm nor loss. You will be led along simple, true, orderly and prosperous paths.

"We have been given talents to honor man and glorify God. Sometimes we have an impulse to do something in a new and different way, or we believe it could be done in a certain way. We ought not to put these thoughts aside, especially if they make a strong impression upon us. We ought to think about them and ask the Spirit to help us develop them.

"If we ignore these thoughts or put them aside, some one else will think them for 'thoughts are things and vibrate from one to another.' Presently we will see the very thing which we thought could be done worked out by some one else, and they will benefit from it either in satisfaction or money, maybe both."

"Everything works from the inside to the outside. People who always wear the same

clothes, never have a new piece of furniture, are not growing, because every new idea brings an outward manifestation. Each body carries within itself the results of former thinking or experiences."

"Then you believe in evolution," said Eva.

"I believe in *pre-existence*," responded Mrs. Fiske, "each day of my life I am more thoroughly convinced of it. It seems to me the only just way. (Ezk. 33:20.) How could one life teach us all our lessons? So I believe each soul must learn all the lessons of life. Each moment we are thinking that which is the cause of the next moment's manifestation. I believe that the separation of spirit, soul and body caused by death, is restored by rebirth of the same spirit and soul in another body here on earth.

"I believe the repeated incarnations of man to be a merciful provision of our loving Father for the final restoration of the whole race to a deathless estate here on earth.

" 'Occupy till I come,' means that we are to abide at our present place of unfoldment until we have mastered all that we there meet.

"We are to reorganize our forces for the next march, pray steadfastly and have faith that with Him we shall do greater things.

" 'As we sow we must reap.' And it behooves us to be very kind and charitable to

every one, lest we harm some one who at one time has been most dear to us."

"Oh, *why* can we not remember?" asked Eva.

"It would not be best, child; it would be the agony of a thousand years. We would carry the memories of hatreds, loves and losses, which would only retard our progress. It is far better for us to start out all anew with every former event wiped out; in the guise of a little child whom every one is willing to love. A splendid new chance! Life is a circle and not a span. We come from our Father's house, and there we must return. Do not fear for your body, only beware of those who try to disturb your peace of mind or your crown, which is your confidence of *perfect* assurance that God your Father, will take care of you. Keep guard of your thoughts, let them always be constructive, good thoughts, for you are building the house not made with hands, but with thoughts and words, as well as deeds." (II Cor. 5:1.)

"The Golden Rule will mean more to you if you say, 'As I want my neighbors to think of me, so will I think of them.'

"Do not judge others, we are all better than we seem to be, and we will have quite enough to do to keep watch of ourselves, but if we do the best we can each day the future will take care of itself. We are all yoked or linked together, every part of the

plan must be finished, and that will not be till the least part is complete. We are all ordained to preach or to teach others the way. (Is. 61:1,2,3. Also Jer. 1:5,6,7.)

"Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee, and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee; and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Oh Lord God, Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, say not "I am a child" for thou shalt go to all I send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak."

Eva became thoughtful and at last said, "Don't you think He said that just to the prophet Jeremiah?"

"No, my dear, I don't. I believe the Scripture is first written for me and then for my neighbor. That which He gave to his twelve disciples, he gave to us, by co-operation with him.

"'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.'

"Just let us agree to accept this wonderful power and let it work through us."

"But I know so little as yet," said Eva. "I must learn more before I teach others."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Fiske, quite sternly, "you have been taught where to find the wellspring, where you can fill your cup to the very brim. Be that cup great or small, would you let another go thirsty? Some one is waiting for you to show them

the 'Way.' We each have our flock to bring to the 'Living Water.' Never urge any one to accept it, the right opportunity will be given you. Watch for it. Be careful to have no enemies, never hate any one. Recognize no injustice because nothing comes to us except that which belongs to us. Let us be glad that the law is so exact that measures back to us what we have sown. We must all be about our Father's business, to that end were we born. We can no longer stand still. Each individual must get an understanding of God's great regenerative laws for man, or he will pass out with the old regime.

"Here is a copy of a little poem you may keep. It is just another way of expressing pre-existence."

Eva took the slip of paper and read "The Law," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run.
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

"Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal:
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

"You were, and you will be; know this while you are;
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted, eternally burns.

"It slept in the jewel, it leaped in the wave;
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the grave;
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

"From body to body your spirit speeds on;
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone;
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind with the fiber of thought.

"As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend.
You cannot escape them; or petty or great,
Or evil or noble, they fashion your fate.

"Somewhere or some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now,
The law is unerring; no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

"From cycle to cycle, through time and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace,
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
Must come at your bidding as flames out of fire.

"You are your own devil, you are your own God,
You fashioned the path that your footsteps have trod
And no one can save you from error or sin
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

"Once list to that voice and all tumult is done—
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose and love for the cause."

As Eva concluded Mrs. Fiske said, "Poets and philosophers of all ages, have voiced the same thought in song and story, but here is my authority." Taking her Bible from the table, she quickly found the place and read: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name." (Rev. 3:12.) Also, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all genera-

tions. Before the mountains were brought forth''—(Psalms 90:1,2.)

"Well, where have we been?" asked Mrs. Fiske closing her Bible. "We don't know, we can't remember any more than we remember our first word or step, or our baby toys."

"How strange it all is," said Eva. "I shall read this poem often and think about it."

"Yes, do," responded Mrs. Fiske, "and rejoice that your ears are open to the voice of the Spirit, because of the individual revelation it brings, always leading and lifting us to greater heights.

"Every life is a portrayal of the life of Jesus Christ.

"We suffer alone in the Garden of Gethsemane, those nearest us, asleep, or unconscious of our agony as we work out the problems of our lives.

"We are crucified daily by those nearest and dearest to us, for they alone have the power to wound us deeply by neglect, criticism or misunderstanding.

" 'Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.' (Psm. 41:9.)

" 'For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would

have hid myself from him: But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company.' (Psm. 55:12,13,14.)

"Those are the crosses we must bear to force us to find our divinity. Out of the tomb of anguish and darkness we find the way to ascend to nobler things, with no malice or unforgiveness in our hearts to those for whom we have sacrificed our all, then we abandon ourselves to Him, choosing to walk with Him 'All the way.' "

"Now I understand the pictures in the north room," said Eva. "I did not know why the word 'choose' was used, but I see it is an open choice we are constantly accepting or rejecting that which shapes our lives."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Fiske, "it is *all* a matter of choice."

"Why do you so often speak of Truth as the 'Absolute'?" asked Eva.

Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Fiske answered:

"Because it is free from all limitation! It is perfect, supreme, and changeless, it always has been, is now, and ever shall be. It transcends every other power and is irrespective of every other law. 'There is just one power, the good, omnipotent.' "

"Well," said Eva with an approving

smile, "you certainly understand the foundation upon which *your* faith is fixed."

"Nothing else would satisfy me," replied Mrs. Fiske. "It is too vital a matter to misunderstand."

CHAPTER X

BROTHERHOOD

The holidays came, and with them a more blessed realization than ever before of what "Peace on earth, good will to men" really meant. At the class they had been taught to say, "Peace on earth, God's will in men." Brotherhood in all its meaning had been the subject of the Christmas lesson. To strive to see the Divine in each other instead of looking for faults. To never forget that we are all children of one Father, who is no respecter of creeds or persons, whether they are black, white, red or yellow, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, i. e., bound to old beliefs or free in new ones. "That Christ came that every man might have a fair chance at the best things of life."

To remember the great commandment, or the second which is like unto it. (Matt. 22:37,39.)

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"The age of the 'beast' of selfishness is dying," Mrs. Fiske had said as she read from Dan. 7:14. "Man is beginning to understand that true greatness consists in lov-

ing and forgiving much and serving to his best ability. America must take the light to many dark places, because America is the Christ nation. We must teach the strangers who come to our shores Christianization by example, not by precept, then Americanization will take care of itself and the world will be safe for democracy.

"Nations are crying for peace, but they will never have it without spiritual understanding."

God is love!

"The Allies must win," she declared, "right must prevail, never doubt it. The whole world will look to us to teach the Christ message. Then we will have a new spiritual era, a new heaven and earth will be established, and crooked places made straight."

The little apartment was gaily decorated with festoons of evergreen and holly, red wreaths and bells hung at the windows, and the air was fragrant with the odors of good things. Sonny was brimming with secrets.

Eva had planned an immense Jack Horner pie, not to be opened until after the feast, which was to contain a small amusing gift for each one.

What a splendid jolly *mysterious* time, Christmas is! Many less fortunate shared the Christmas bounty. There were the janitor, the laundress, the maid and the news-

boy, and those who we can never forget, the Salvation Army and Red Cross workers.

As Eva thought of these she was most vividly reminded of her own blessings. All of her dear ones safe at home, in an atmosphere of love and comfort, while all Europe had been in the turmoil of war for more than two years. Could any one love *such* enemies? Mrs. Fiske had said we of ourselves could not, but to ask God for his love and then by praying and asking light for them all, our hatred would disappear, for love never failed. Everything else might fail, but love never would. (I Cor. 13.)

When the holidays were over and the routine of life begun again, John had the misfortune to fall one morning on his way to the office. He thought nothing of it at first, but after a few days he began to suffer from a sharp pain in his right side. He spoke of it to Eva who laughingly said, "Take a real hot bath and a brisk rub and you will be all right by morning." But after trying both and spending a sleepless night, he asked Eva to 'phone for a nearby doctor. When the doctor came and heard the symptoms he said, "It sounds very much like appendicitis, you had better go to bed and let me make a thorough examination."

After the examination was over he looked very grave, as he instructed Eva how to make and use hot applications. As he was

leaving the house he said to Eva in a very low tone.

"If Mr. Channing's temperature rises or the pain becomes more acute in his side, 'phone me and I will make arrangements for a room at the hospital. It may be necessary to have an operation at once."

Eva was surprised, the very thought of an operation almost terrified her. Her great, strong husband to be operated on? No, she would not think of such a thing. "No, I shall fear no evil, but what shall I tell John? He will ask and it is never right to tell an untruth." She had often heard him express himself about operations. "They were risky things, no one ever knew how they would turn out."

"Men are so much less courageous in sickness," she mused. "I must not let him think of danger." She soon dispatched Sonny for the ingredients which were to be used in the hot applications, and for some oysters.

A towel was dipped and wrung out of hot water and laid on John's aching side. As she did this she said, "No roast beef for you today, sir, just hot oyster broth. I am going to prepare it for you myself."

Without waiting for a reply she left the room but soon returned with a steaming bowl of broth. She found John resting comfortably, and after being refreshed by his lunch, which he seemed to relish, she said,

"John, you have no more appendicitis than I have, you have had a bad fall and jarred yourself; all you need is rest and I will have my physician treat you."

"Your physician, who is he?" said John. "I didn't know you needed one."

Then Eva told him all about the class she had been attending and the lessons on healing. That God was never sick, hurt or afraid, that our real selves were perfect, that we were made in His image and likeness, which is Spirit. John listened to the new version of healing which Eva expounded, then she read Matt. 8, where Christ practised absent treatment for the centurion's servant.

"Now will you consent to have me 'phone Mrs. Fiske and ask her to treat you?" said Eva.

"Why, I don't suppose it can harm me," John said grudgingly, so Eva 'phoned Mrs. Fiske who replied,

"Very well, dear, have him read Psalm 91 and be *willing* to be healed, and we will do our part."

Eva brought the Bible, found the place for John, and after telling him what Mrs. Fiske had said, she left the room.

John took the Bible, and slowly read the Psalm and wondered what there was in it to effect a cure. He remembered having heard it numerous times.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of

the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Yes, he had read it all before, but it had never seemed to mean so much. He read it again; he tried to commit it to memory. Presently he dropped off to sleep and forgot all about pain and sickness.

He was surprised to see Eva coming into the room with the tea wagon with more hot broth for him and a little lunch for herself.

"It is noon," said Eva, "do you feel hungry?"

"Why I believe I am, I must have been asleep."

"Nearly two hours," responded Eva, "You look rested."

As they lunched John inquired how often the class met, and what sort of a person was Mrs. Fiske? Eva answered all his questions to the best of her ability. She told him the marvelous way Mrs. Fiske had been healed, when every one had despaired of her life, that now out of gratitude to the Master she had opened her beautiful home and was giving time and service freely, to any one in need.

John got up and dressed himself, slipped into his house coat, and went out into the living room. After punching up a couple of pillows he settled himself on the davenport. Eva brought her mending basket and some books from which John read aloud. The

next day John said he felt fit to go back to the office, but as the streets were a glare of ice, Eva prevailed on him to remain at home another day.

CHAPTER XI

HEALING

After a little round of duties, Eva again took her work basket and books into the living room where John was reading the morning paper. They chatted awhile on the news of the day, and then as the clock chimed ten, Eva arose, placed the Bible and several other little books near John and was about to leave the room when John asked, "What shall I read this morning?"

"I have left three references for you. I would read them all," she answered. John opened the Bible and found the slips of paper Eva had inserted.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing, the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (John 6:63.)

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." (Psalms 103:3,4.)

"He called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits; to cast them out and heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease." (Matt. 10:1.)

When Eva returned to the room John exclaimed, "Those preacher chaps are not doing *all* their work. They ought to *heal* as well as to preach, according to Matt. 10:1."

"Yes," assented Eva, "Mrs. Fiske says the church will never be the great power it should be until they all learn to do as Christ commanded. Heal the sick by casting out evil thoughts.

"She thinks we are facing a great crisis in church affairs, because people are not satisfied with what they hear. They say, 'It is *not* practical, that it is out of touch with reality.'

"Mrs. Fiske believes that churches should be open every day, as well as Sunday, and supplied with capable teachers to instruct people how to think and speak constructively, the cause and effect of things, so they will understand why selfishness and ill health are synonyms. She thinks we need a revival of religion to teach people *what to think*, to stimulate the human mind forward and upward, and give us a new sense of God in our every day lives.

"She believes every problem of our lives can be solved spiritually, and the church of the future will not be financed by bazaars, suppers, entertainments or pool tables.

"She says there are many progressive men in the pulpit who believe these things also, who lack courage to advocate them because the people are not ready.

" 'Take my yoke and learn of me,' means that we must co-operate with the Spirit and the Spirit will teach us, then as we believe and trust in the power we will find we are healed. God is all. All that is real of us is the Spirit. Affirm, 'The Almighty is the source of my strength'; deny every thought of sickness and forgive everybody, no matter what mean thing you think they have done, when we really forgive, we forget. When we do that, the Spirit has the power to heal us. Mrs. Fiske says if we look through the Bible with a view of finding affirmations and denials we will find *scores* of them.

" 'Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.' (Rom. 12:2.) A new mind makes a new body, and openness to new ideas allows the body to grow and change until at last it can most truly glorify God with the fruits of right thinking. She also tells us every thought is written upon our bodies as upon a ledger, and we must take care that no thoughts blot or spoil it. We sow in thought and reap in body.

" 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the living God?' Perpetual youth is also promised to those who follow the Christ way.

" 'His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth.' (Job 33-25.)

"One of the most important things we

are told to remember and say often is, 'I am well, happy and harmonious,' " said Eva, consulting a little note book she used at the class lessons, 'because our *real* selves are always perfect.

" 'I am' is the name of God's power in us, and whenever we say 'I am,' it *creates* the thing we say we are. So we must watch our words and let them only express the things we want to have come into our lives. We must affirm the power of the spiritual over the material part of us; we must deny the flesh daily, cross out all other thoughts than that Spirit is supreme and follow on.

"She referred us to the chapter where these two powers or laws are explained: 'For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do.' (Rom. 7: 19.) 'And it is only by constantly affirming God, our health, our strength, our life, that we can overcome our weakness, because the power of the Spirit is greater than the law or power of the flesh.'

"Whenever we see any one who is not expressing health, even though they are strangers to us, she said we could help them by silently saying, 'Your life is hid with Christ, you cannot lose it.'

"She said we could wear a camphor bag if we thought we needed it, but better to use it as a reminder to often say, 'I shall fear no evil for thou art with me.'

"These are references she gave for the power of words.

" 'Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.' (Prov. 16:24.)

" 'The tongue of the wise is health.' (Prov. 12:18.)

" 'Death and life are in the power of the tongue.' (Prov. 18:21.)

" 'He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.' (I Peter 3:10.)

Also Matt. 12:36; Prov. 18:7; Prov. 29:20.

"My," said Eva, "there are *dozens* of them."

The better part of the day was spent in reading and discussing subjects upon which they had never talked before, and a new bond seemed to unite them more closely. The next day John went back to the office, and never talked or thought about appendicitis again. As Eva bade him goodbye, she said, " 'Divine healing' is so much more pleasant and satisfying than the old way, John. 'Keep your eye single, and your whole body will be full of Light.' (Matt.6: 22.)

"Don't see anything but good health, instead of saying 'Left, left,' as you put your foot down, say 'Health, Health, God is health.' "

John laughed. "I'll try it," said he, "it certainly has done wonders for you."

CHAPTER XII

INVESTMENTS

While affairs were going on so happily and harmoniously with Eva, France was full of strife and bloodshed. Nearly three years of war had passed, with no hope as yet of cessation. America was an onlooker as it were to a dreadful drama. It was awful, horrible and cruel, but it was far away. Why must it continue? All the newspapers and magazines were full of it. It was *too dreadful* to read.

John had grown very silent of late, and seemed nervous, anxious and ill at ease. He seemed too preoccupied to talk to either Eva or Sonny, and spent a great deal of time figuring. He held long unintelligible conversations over the 'phone with Mr. Avery, from which he seemed to derive little satisfaction, and looked more tired and worn than ever.

One day in February—Eva never would be able to forget it,—John said, "Eva, I *must* tell you, I am no longer able to keep it from you. Our affairs are in *bad* shape. At Avery's suggestion I invested all the proceeds of our house in stocks; the war has played havoc with everything. In order to keep things going, and hoping the tide would

turn, I have used all our emergency fund and am still short several hundred dollars. The only way out I can see is to draw on my life insurance policy, so you had better meet me downtown tomorrow to sign the papers, as I have made application for a loan."

Eva felt the blood recede from her face. She had never heard John speak in this way before. Her happy, comfortable husband, who always saw the bright side, and who always said, "Worry is folly." Was this tired, pallid man *her* husband?

He seemed to avoid meeting her eyes and clasped and unclasped his hands as if he were under a great mental strain. She did not know how long she paused before saying, "Very well, John, if you think that is the best way."

"*It is the only way*," John answered.

"Have you talked with Mr. Avery about it?" she asked, scarcely thinking what she said.

"Heavens!" exclaimed John, "We have talked of nothing else; the only difference is *he* can afford to lose and *we cannot.*"

John turned to the accounts on the desk and handed them to her. The items were storage, rent, gas, electric light, household, lodge assessments and sundries.

As Eva read them she grew faint; it seemed so strange not to have money enough to run the house and pay a few debts. She knew she had been spending money some-

what more freely of late,—a course of lectures, a few new books, a new gown at holiday time and one remodeled. She had never been extravagant about her clothes. In fact, she enjoyed wearing very simple things, but at present she was not earning money.

She reviewed in her mind the happy autumn and winter days, how she had enjoyed her books and studies, how sweet life was beginning to be, and now the awakening was startling.

John evidently had nothing more to say. He had taken a small book from his pocket and was figuring away, apparently unmindful of everything else. She drew her work basket to her and tried to sew, but could not keep her mind on her work.

How she wanted to pay those bills, but she had no money except the sum John turned over to her each month to run the house, and pay the maid. All the other bills he had always paid. It had always been enough and to spare, until this winter, everything seemed to cost so much more, she had been obliged to spend it all.

What could she do to raise money? Her art treasures were all in storage awaiting the time they were to buy or build the new home. As these thoughts were borne in upon her, she wondered what her family and friends would say. Oh, if she and John could *only* keep their affairs to themselves. What *would* folks say? That they had tried

to get on *too* fast and had made *fools* of themselves? They could not honestly say that, because she and John had always lived most simply. Then as she took in the real significance of the situation, she remembered many who had seemed jealous of her success, of her ability to earn money and to buy beautiful things for their home. Even her relatives seemed to feel she needed to be admonished not to spend *all* she earned. No, she had not spent it all, she had saved it and given it to John to invest in the way he thought best, and now it was gone and there was *nothing* to show for it!

"Oh yes, there *is something*—my diamonds!" She gladly remembered the jewelry that had been put away in the safety deposit, before going out to East Shore. She decided to say nothing about them to John but clasped her hands joyfully.

"That is *one* way our debts can be paid," she thought.

She determined to get them in the morning and sell them, but where? She knew of no place where jewelry was bought, and nothing of pawn shops.

She fell to thinking over their losses and wondered why it seemed so much worse to be poor than it did to be sick. Presently John stopped figuring long enough to say, "Better go to bed and get your rest. I will work a while longer, until I feel like sleeping."

In the morning when she awoke, she remembered having heard the clock strike two before she slept or John came to bed. She also remembered it was Tuesday and she would be obliged to miss the class lesson. She decided to 'phone Mrs. Fiske that she could not be present.

The cheery voice of the little lady reached her saying, "Never mind, dear, duties never conflict. I will save the lesson sheet for you and write out the necessary instruction, so you will not miss anything. You can study it at your leisure."

Little did Eva realize how thoroughly *that* lesson would be studied; how every word would be indelibly impressed on her mind. The subject of the lesson was "Prosperity, or lack and supply."

CHAPTER XIII

A LOAN

The next morning Eva met John at the X—— Insurance Company offices. The papers were signed, and a sum of money turned over to John, who had immediate use for every dollar. Eva left him and went to the safety deposit vault, and got her diamond lavalliere and earrings. She then 'phoned Mr. Avery, asking for an interview, saying she was in need of information which she believed he might be able to furnish.

"I will be very glad to be of service," Mr. Avery responded, "and will see you at any time you wish to name."

"Then I will come at once," Eva said. "I will be there at noon."

When the office girl announced her name to Mr. Avery, she was seized with a spell of nervousness. She wondered whether John would approve of the call, what Mr. Avery would think of her, and many questions of a similar nature occurred to her, but it was too late now for *any* regrets.

After Mr. Avery's pleasant greeting, his first question was of John. Was he well?

"John is well," answered Eva, and then in her usual straightforward way she said, "There is something I wish to talk to you about, that I do not care to tell John."

Before Mr. Avery could answer, she launched into the subject of their straitened circumstances, John's inability to meet his obligations, and the consequent worry, and then she inquired if he knew of any responsible person who would loan her three hundred dollars on her diamonds, to tide them over till better times.

Mr. Avery picked up the little velvet box Eva had laid on his desk and admired the beautiful gems. Then he talked to her of their investments, how he regretted advising John to invest.

"But I did it all for the best. I was sure I could help him more than double his money, but the war has been the mischief. Who could foresee that it would work us this harm? I was *so sure* of those stocks," he continued, "that I urged my youngest sister, who is a school teacher, to let me make a little money for her. She gave me all she had saved in ten years, and now *every dollar* is *gone*, but I will make good to her if it takes the last penny I have."

He rose, excused himself, and went into the next room. In a few minutes he returned with a check for three hundred dollars, which he handed to Eva.

Pushing the little velvet case towards her he said, "Put them safely away, Mrs. Channing. I do not need them for security. I know both you and John will pay just as soon as you can."

Eva was so touched by his kindness that she could scarcely speak for a moment; then putting out her hand, she exclaimed, "Mr. Avery, I don't know what to say, I am *so* grateful."

"Don't say anything, everything will come out all right, only we will have to be patient, it will take time. We can't hurry, and we mustn't worry."

Then with a strong friendly clasp of the hand, and a kindly smile, he bade her good bye.

That evening after dinner Eva placed the check in John's hands, and told him what she had done.

John was so surprised that for a moment he did not know whether to be pleased or displeased.

It was so unlike Eva to ask favors from any one, but as he remembered all the uses he had for ready money at the time, he drew Eva to him and told her she was a "brave little pal."

The load for the time being was lifted, and John's trust in and admiration for Harry Avery was doubled. He lost no time in writing him, telling him his appreciation of his kindness, and gave him his note, bearing interest at six per cent. Then he joked Eva on her business methods, and told her she was a "nice holdup lady," to go to a gentleman's office, and get three hundred dollars without even giving a note for it.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STOCK MARKET

The next two weeks seemed like a horribly bad dream to Eva, as she afterwards remembered them.

There were 'phone calls at all hours of the day and night, special delivery letters and telegrams, and all sorts of callers, until she feared to leave the house, lest something might require immediate attention.

To all her questions John only answered, "*It's the war, war, war. Who* would have *believed* we could or would get into the scrap? It's knocking the spots out of *everything.* No one can talk of anything else but *war*!"

Evidently no one was sleeping either, for the ringing of the 'phone and door bells was incessant.

The weather was heavy, gloomy and forbidding; the cold most penetrating, chilling one to the marrow. After a most nerve-racking day Eva said, "John, dear, *please tell me* how this affects us. Don't keep me in suspense. I want to know. Anything is better than this."

As John looked into the white drawn face, he saw she was suffering, and decided that the truth was best. He explained how he,

with several others, who had invested with Mr. Avery, had pooled their issues, when they saw their stocks were dropping, and were taking turns at watching the market for the first favorable turn to "buy in" on something else.

"We tried to get dope from every possible source."

"*Dope*!" echoed Eva. "What kind of dope?"

"Oh, information, of course," he responded laconically. "We had all bought 'peace stuff,' rails and motors. The government has taken over the railroads, and the bottom has fallen out of motors. Nothing was going good but munitions and war stuff, and we had none of that. Stock that we bought at two hundred and fifty, dropped to fifty. Imagine it!" he said, as he ran his fingers through his hair. "*It was awful*, it was pandemonium! Some of the fellows nearly lost their balance."

Looking at John, Eva saw that he too looked as if he had reached the limit of his endurance. The few threads of silver which had glistened in his dark hair had changed to a frost of white. The smooth firm contour of his face was gone. His flesh looked wrinkled and flabby, and he seemed to have aged many years.

"Well," he said, after a long look into vacancy, "there is no use crying over spilled milk. Lots of the fellows have lost double

what we have, but you can't do more than lose *all* you've got. We must retrench in every possible way, to meet our obligations."

"Is all *really* lost?" asked Eva.

"Well, it has gone so low that our only hope now is to hold on till peace comes, if it *ever* does. Then it may get back to what we paid for it, but that may be years. Maybe never. There is no use talking about it any more. I am dead for sleep. Come."

The next morning at breakfast Eva waited for John to open the subject, but he did not. He appeared to be very deeply engrossed in the morning paper. It was all about the war. As Eva picked up a section and glanced over it she said, "John, let us not grieve over the loss of our money. Think of those who must give up their brothers, sons, lovers, and"—looking at John most searchingly, she added—"husbands. Oh, John," she said, putting her arms around him, "anything but that! Yet why should I be spared when so many are called on to part with their dear ones? Money is the least of my treasures. Both my boys will be spared to me."

John clasped her to him in a fond embrace. There was nothing to say.

As the days passed by, they each tried to be brave and adjust themselves to the new order of things.

Every unnecessary expense was eliminat-

ed. Eva explained to Hilda that the war between Germany and America had made changes in their financial affairs, and that for a time she would be obliged to do without a maid. She advised her to find outside work and room with them. This Hilda did, to their mutual satisfaction, and assisted in a small way to finance the new budget.

In spite of all resolutions to the contrary, they each carried a heavy heart. Eva was kept busy trying to systematize the housework. It seemed to consume all of her time, and several weeks passed before she managed to plan the work to permit her to find time to get back to the class at the home of Mrs. Fiske.

As she entered the familiar place she was surprised to see the house so dismantled. All the beautiful pictures, the draperies from the windows and doorways, all the lovely bric-a-brac and books were gone. She saw Lucille busy directing packers. She approached her and said, "What is the reason for all these changes?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Don't you know that Mrs. Fiske and I are going over to do real war work, and this house is to be used till the end of the war as a Red Cross center?"

"Won't we have *any* more lessons?" exclaimed Eva in dismay.

"Not for a while," said Lucille shaking

her head, "there is other work to be done just now."

Glancing at the lesson board, Eva read, "After April 28th there will be no more lessons for an indefinite period. Let us live the life of love, sympathy and service."

CHAPTER XV

THE HIGHWAY

Eva had never known till now how much the lessons had meant, or how dear the bright faced, understanding little lady had become to her. Just then she saw Mrs. Fiske approaching, with a bright smile and extended hands. As she took the slender little hands in her own and stooped to kiss the soft cheek, it was all she could do to keep back the tears.

"Oh, you don't know how I shall miss you," she said. "What will we all do without you?"

With ready intuition Mrs. Fiske seemed to know Eva was sorely in need of comfort.

"Everything will be all right, my dear; have no regrets nor tears, we must all follow the Master's plan; and He has a definite plan for each of us, as I have told you. Sometimes it seems to lead us by the way of the shadows as well as into the sunshine, but when we follow willingly He lifts all the burden and lights us all the way, and if we follow closely and *watch* we will find the highway, the mystical way. You can read about it in Isaiah 35-8, 'The way of wholeness' means God's power to heal us of all our diseases through the renewing of our

minds. The unclean shall not pass over it, yet it shall be for those, when they take the spirit to guide them they *will be* clean, because all failure is due to imperfect understanding of God's laws, and when we become conscious of His Spirit within us, we are no longer under the law, but under grace, which means favor. Then we begin to walk in the Light. Simple, plain, uneducated people will be able to walk 'the highway' just by letting the Spirit lead them day by day, making the contact by prayer and faith, using God's word or His promises when things appear to be going wrong. Then right in the midst of our darkness or uncertainty a clear shining way of escape will be opened, it will come like a flash, like a thief in the night. Watch for it, evil is only a shadow.

" 'He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh. At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh. Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the fields shall be at peace with thee.' " (Job 5:19-23.)

Mrs. Fiske was wonderfully magnetic, and always seemed to convince her hearers. Eva was lost in thought, wondering how she

could apply Truth to her changed circumstances."

A tender smile flitted over Mrs. Fiske's face as she asked Eva, "Have you ever been out to the beach, and seen those funny mirrors, that make you look taller, shorter, wider, and smaller than you are?"

"Yes, I have," answered Eva wondering how such thoughts could come to Mrs. Fiske at such a time.

"Well," said Mrs. Fiske, "they are simply illusions, they have *no truth in them*; and when you know that God or Spirit is the *only* power there is, you have the very *essence* of Truth.

" 'Look unto me and be ye saved, for I am thy God, *and there is none other.*' Let no one persuade you there is any power but God. Hold fast to that fact in spite of all appearances to the contrary. Declare there is no evil; say it until your intellect is *compelled* to bow down to the truth of the Spirit, then all the illusions or appearances of evil will vanish, and you will be able to see the good in them; if you can do this, you have come into your rulership, and will sit with Him on His throne of wisdom, and will rule your kingdom which has come. (2 Thes. 2:9, 10,11.)

"Do not try to reason these things out, just accept them as a little child accepts its mother's breast. The hidden things of the Spirit will be revealed to you when you ear-

nestly desire them, more than pleasures, friends or possessions.

"Now, beloved, I must go. The time is short to accomplish many things. I shall think of you often, will write to you if I can. I am so interested in your development.

"Here is the lesson you wanted. It is complete. I think you will have little difficulty in understanding it."

With a gentle caress and a sweet smile she left her. Eva left the house like one in a dream, the tears almost blinding her in spite of all her effort to keep them back.

"Oh, you dear beautiful soul," she said, "you have taught me to know my Savior better than I ever did before. I know I could bear my burden better if you were not going away. Oh, I shall miss you! How I shall miss you! God bless and keep you, my dear little friend and teacher!"

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN MEN ARE CAST DOWN

Spring and warmth were slow in coming. The season seemed in sympathy with the general gloom. The streets and stores were full of it, and the pallid, wan faces of many looked as if they were having a struggle to keep soul and body together.

Rain, rain, rain, one drizzling cold rain succeeded another; vegetation was at a standstill; seed rotted in the ground, and food prices mounted higher and higher. "Keep the home fires burning" was heard everywhere.

"I wouldn't care," thought Eva, "if we had all the rain and mud, if the sun would only shine for the boys 'over there.'"

Each night before retiring it was Eva's custom to slip into Sonny's room to make sure he had sufficient ventilation and covering.

"God bless my boy," she murmured, "and all those 'over there'; help all those from whom they have parted to have courage and cheer till they all come home again. I cannot do much but pray for them," she sighed, "but I know God hears and answers."

It required most persistent effort to be cheerful in the face of all the events which

had taken place. Home and money gone, increased expenses and many debts. Every one seemed busy with their own economies, there was no time for curiosity or comment. Eva tried to forget her heartaches and knitted away most industriously. The appeals for buyers of Liberty Bonds filled her with keen regret; she wanted to buy lavishly instead of just *one* bond which had taken all the money that could be spared from the small amount available. Most rigidly she tried to follow all the economies mapped out by the government to conserve. There was no waste in Eva's scheme of things; no one could have lived more simply, but it was not easy. When Sonny came home from school at noon, he invariably said, "Hello, mother, I'm most starved! What have you got to eat? What sort of a day is this, heatless, wheatless, meatless or eatless? Oh, pray tell me, *when* do we eat?"

Each day she followed the rule she had made for herself, to spend at least half an hour in Bible study, meditation and prayer. This she found most helpful. She often wished John would show greater interest in the things she read or told him for encouragement; he seemed so indifferent, so listless, and so quiet all the time.

Suddenly a horrible fear seemed to obsess her. Suppose his mind should become unbalanced over their changed circumstances! Worry had seemed to sap the very life out of

him. She wondered how she could rouse him, and went to search among her Truth books for something which would apply to his case.

In her search she found the lesson sheet Mrs. Fiske had given her. As she unfolded it she saw the subject was "Prosperity, or lack and supply." Enclosed was a sealed envelope addressed to her in Mrs. Fiske's own writing; in one corner were the words, "Please do not open until after a thorough study of the lesson."

Eva put the letter aside almost reverently. A request from Mrs. Fiske seemed a sacred thing. "Why is it," she thought, "every one regards her with so much respect and love?"

Almost instantly, as if in answer to her inquiry, these words came into her mind, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (John 12:32.)

"That is exactly the reason, I believe she is exalted by a higher spiritual understanding, and every one who comes in contact with her feels it," thought Eva.

Taking her Bible from the table, she turned to the first reference, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." (Ps. 23:1.)

"And he said unto them, When I sent you

without purse and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing. (Luke 22:25.)

"Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he who giveth thee power to get wealth. Yea, the Lord shall be thy defense, and thou shalt have plenty of silver." (Job 22:25.)

"For then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God." (Job 22:26.)

"Thou shalt make the prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows." (Job 22:27.)

"Thou shalt also decree a thing and it shall be established unto thee, and the light shall shine upon thy ways." (Job 22:28.)

Eva read the last reference over and over again; she read the entire chapter several times, and pondered over it.

"Is it possible that God is ready and willing to supply people with material things—money?" she thought. We were always taught God knew and cared for his own, those who loved and feared Him, but should trouble or privation come it was a lesson to teach us to follow more closely, also to be thankful for every blessing, and make the best of undesirable things.

But here was authority for something entirely different from the old way of thinking. She reviewed the entire lesson, and was quite oblivious to the passing of time,

till she heard Sonny's voice in the hall, and knew it was time to put Bible and books away and prepare the evening meal.

John looked unusually weary when he came home, and in answer to Eva's cheery, "How are you?" said, "I think I am in need of more exercise. I believe I will start a war garden somewhere." Then, as if wondering where, he lapsed into silence.

After dinner had been put away and Sonny was busy with his lessons in his room, John and Eva went into the living room. Perfect silence reigned for some time. Eva went across the room to John, who was sitting with closed eyes in a large arm chair. She seated herself at his side, slipped her arm under his head; she told him about the lesson she had been studying. Still he did not open his eyes nor appear to be the least bit interested. As Eva talked she became more and more earnest, and John finally said, "The days of miracles are past, Eva, and I take no stock in *fairy tales.*"

"But, John, dear," persisted Eva, "God's word is as true today as it was when he was on earth. Listen," she said, taking her Bible from the table, and opening it at the marker, Job 22: "When men are cast down thou shalt say, 'There is lifting up, and he shall save the humble person.' (Job 22:29.)

" 'Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows (or debts).'

"Oh, John, let us decree that he shall hear us and restore us. Let us humble ourselves and ask him to lift us out of this pit of gloom and poverty, so that we can *smile again.* That is the light which we need to shine upon our way."

She was now on the footstool at his feet; in her earnestness she had put her arms around his neck, drawing his face close to hers, and was softly sobbing.

"John," she whispered, "promise me you will ask Him, let us tell Him all about it. We have not taken Him into our lives and plans, and this is His way of teaching us that without Him there is nothing. Let us ask for faith to believe in all His promises, and thank Him now."

Together they knelt hand in hand, like two little children, by the side of the arm chair. As they rose it seemed to each of them a heavy burden had rolled away.

John had never made any pretensions of being better than the rest of the fellows. He was clean, honest, and had always tried to "play the game square." It was indeed a new thought for him to believe that God or the Spirit of God dwelt in every one, waiting to be called into counsel, and to help mankind in every need, just by believing and trusting.

A new vista seemed to have opened before him, in which he seemed to have a part to fulfill.

CHAPTER XVII

PROSPERITY

The next day Eva very conscientiously reviewed the lesson, and felt she was entitled to read Mrs. Fiske's letter, which was quite voluminous and characteristic of her thoroughness.

"My dear one,

"'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye will have them.' The desire for prosperity or substance has caught more fish for the kingdom than any other bait. We think it is things we need to satisfy us, but we shall never be really satisfied until we find God. That is why we were told 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.' They follow naturally after you have found the kingdom within you.

"We have been in the habit of thinking it was wrong to ask God for material things when prosperity is the very presence of God, if rightly used. Christ was not poor, he only became so to teach us how to demonstrate plenty. He wore the finest seamless garments, made the best wine and fed the multitude. People have felt that it is wrong to be rich, when the only wrong thing about

it is to love it more than God or forget to use it for others. True prosperity adds to the richness of the whole world.

"The poverty of some people with plenty of money is pitiful! Prosperity is a consciousness, a right attitude of mind and heart toward material things. It is co-operation with God. Prosperity is of God, like life and health. It is man's privilege to use these divine gifts as he wills. Prosperity is the expression of comfort, power, beauty, freedom, that is always associated with the kingdom of heaven. To be spiritually minded is to be a *magnet* for prosperity.

"Identify your prosperity with God. Bless every dollar which passes through your hands. Do not think of losses and failures, or you will produce them. Never speak of hard times or scarcity of money. We each decide the character of the times by our mental attitude. In all your dealings be sure the Lord is on your side. 'They shall prosper that love thee.' Say often 'All that the Father hath is mine.' (Ps. 122:6.) Believe yourself to be a beloved daughter of the king. Conduct yourself as one, have no anxious thoughts about your supply. Pray, believe, trust, forgive every one. Money is the shadow, God is the substance. Radiate prosperity, have a rich mentality. In your meditations affirm, 'I am a great distributing center of God's prosperity.' Then as

you use His good gifts for others, as well as for yourself, more will be given you. We should be open channels to be used for the inflow and the outflow of the Spirit.

"Our prosperity is always another's, we must pass it on. We clog up the channel when we try to hold it. Do not fret if you spend your last dollar, if you hold fast to the thought, 'He will never desert nor forsake me; He supplieth every need.'

"Do not spend beyond your present income nor run up accounts. Pay as you go. More will be provided for you, if you hold to His promises. He tells us to *prove* it in Mal. 3:10.

"'Bring all your tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house and prove me now herewith,' saith the Lord of Hosts, 'if I shall not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

"This is a very clear demand made upon us to help others; as we do this our right hand will give out and our left hand bring in. 'Delight thyself in the law of the Lord, thereby good will come unto thee.' The law is as exact as mathematics.

"'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.' (Luke 12:32.) Have no envy or jealousy for another's good fortune; if you are not succeeding, *change your*

thoughts 'Cast your net on the other side.' Use your prosperity as a good steward and then your net will not break nor your possessions slip away. Always make the Father's business your business. 'Show them the way.' Always acknowledge the source of your supply.

"Be conscious that you have contained within yourself all capacity, or prosperity. Enlarge your view of God, break away from all fear of lack. Don't patronize bargain counters or hunt for cheap things. Penny gifts bring penny returns.

"Never withhold praise or credit due another; pass it on, or your own good will be retarded and your power of expression decreased. 'Owe no man anything.' Be glad to pay your debts, even if they have been outlawed, for in God's law they must be paid, 'the balances must be just.' Exact no undue profits from any one. (Ezk. 45:9.) 'Do not become alarmed or angry when you are charged exorbitant prices. We all must pay tribute to Caesar, the world, even Christ did, and he taught us to go to the sea, meaning the invisible realm of supply where all our prayers are transmuted into gold. What need we care about the cost of things when God is our banker?'

" 'Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom, for with the same measure

that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.' (Luke 6:38.)

"Push away from the shores of limitation into the great stream of prosperity. You need not be a prey for the unscrupulous nor parsimonious if you ask direction of the spirit. Never say, 'I cannot afford,' but say confidently, 'My father is rich.' Lift up your mind, for God is the source of your supply. The spirit is back of all. There is wealth all around you subject to the higher law of mind and spirit.

"The more you learn about God and accept Him into your life, the more successful you will become in your affairs and in your health; nothing comes by chance, always cause and effect. God gives man the law and man puts the law into operation. If you carry out the law righteously, you will get righteous results. 'A good man out of the treasures of his heart, bringeth forth good things.' (Matt. 12:35.)

" 'And all these blessings shall come upon thee and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.' (Deu. 28:2.)

" 'Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field.' (Deu. 28:3.)

" 'Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, and the increase of thy kine and the flocks of thy sheep.' (Deu. 28:4.)

" 'Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.'

" 'Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.' (Deu. 28:6.)

" 'And the Lord shall make thee plenteous of goods, in the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground.'

" 'The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure; the heaven to give thee rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thine hand.' (Deu. 28:11,12.)

"We must have no pride or belief in our own powers. Give all thy glory to the Spirit.

" 'Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God. Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and has built goodly houses and dwelt therein, and when thy herds and flocks multiply, and thy silver and gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, then thine heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.' (Deu. 8:10,14,17.)

" 'But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.' (Deu. 8:18.)

"Always remember who the *real* giver is, praise and thank Him. Do not be afraid to ask God, and do not beg. Be earnest, rev-

erent, steadfast. Remember what to seek *first*, the sound, scientific foundation of eternal prosperity. Do right and think right for principle and not for the perquisites or things added. 'For the blessings of the Lord it maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith.'

"Faithfully yours,
"ELLA O. FISKE."

CHAPTER XVIII

"ARISE, SHINE, THY LIGHT IS COME"

It was nearly the middle of May. The lease of the little apartment would expire the first of June, and the future was still most indefinite for John and Eva. They were each wondering what was best to be done. The daily papers were scanned, as they hoped and prayed for a way to be opened to them.

One evening, as Eva was preparing dinner, she heard John's step in the hall. It was the old *brisk* step, full of life and energy. She waited for him to enter. She saw a new expression on his face.

"What is it, John?" she asked.

"Something great!" he responded. "I'll tell you presently."

Hope was kindled in Eva's breast. When they had settled themselves for the evening John said, "You have often heard me speak of Mr. Fields?"

Eva assented.

"Well, I have handled his affairs for nearly sixteen years. He was in the office today and has asked me to take charge of all his interests here, collections, etc. He has given me power of attorney. His wife wants

to be with their daughter and grandchildren, who live in Rochester.

"When I inquired what he was going to do with his house, he said, 'That is the one thing we have been unable to decide. We do not care to sell it; it is a beautiful place. We may want to come back some time, and we would not care to rent it to any one who would not take care of it.' 'How would we do for tenants?' I asked. 'Do you mean it, are you looking for a house?' he asked. 'Yes, we are,' I told him.

"Well, the conclusion of the whole matter is, he has offered me a very liberal salary, and his house for two years, providing, of course, your ladyship agrees to it."

"*Agrees to it*!" echoed Eva. "Oh, John, it is God's answer to our prayers. I am so glad. We must not forget to be grateful."

John gathered her to him in a fond embrace and said, "Surely, I am grateful." And then as if to hide the depth of his feelings, he saluted, marched up and down the room like a soldier, whistling, "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

During the busy days that followed, packing, cleaning and unpacking, Eva never once complained of being tired. There was an unspeakable joy in her heart, and sincere thanksgiving. She felt as if she could again look the world in the face. No one knew or ever should know the depths of

despair and discouragement through which they had passed.

"Oh, God," she whispered, "I thank thee with all my heart for all thy loving kindness. Grant that I may never falter in my duty to others."

Sometimes it all seemed too good to be true; to be in a beautiful home, where they could stay for at least two years, surrounded by her own belongings, the outdoors, the velvety green lawn, the hedges and trees, all beautiful in new spring verdure. The world seemed a beautiful place.

Day by day the prospect grew more hopeful. Several old debts which John had despaired of ever being paid were settled and several new clients were added to his lists. Eva saw God in it all and could scarcely be thankful enough. Into all her sewing and knitting were woven the thoughts of God's goodness to them.

"I must pass it on," she said. "I must tell others how to find the way."

John was very much surprised one day to receive a letter from the postmaster at Crossingtown, offering him a very fair price for the old abandoned farm. John concluded there must be a good reason back of the offer and decided to take a run down and investigate.

He discovered that oil had been struck on the surrounding farms. He entered into a contract with the drillers, who sunk a well

and got a very good flow of oil, which sold for many times more than the offer he had had for the farm.

John and Eva once more lifted their hearts in praise and thanksgiving for the richness of God's gifts to them. Their debts were paid most gladly, and many in need were assisted. "The light is come," and their faith is perfect.

All summer long as Eva worked among the flowers in the beautiful garden, she was supremely happy.

"We are just like the buds, hard and unbeautiful," she said, "until the sunshine of God's love warms and unfolds us."

One morning in September, Eva received a letter which had been forwarded from the former address, which read as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Channing:—

"We have missed Mrs. Fiske and the lessons so much. A few of the class have met and decided to carry out the schedule Mrs. Fiske left us as best we can. We will meet at my house next Tuesday, at 2.00 P. M. Please try to be with us.

"Cordially yours,
"EMMA RAY,
"28 Fern Avenue."

"Good, I am glad," said Eva. "The truth has made me happier than anything I have ever known. I walk in a new world of love, joy and peace."

CHAPTER XIX

HAPPINESS

Tuesday dawned bright and clear. Eva awakened with a pleasurable feeling of anticipation.

"Today is class day," she said, "I wonder how many will be there."

She was glad to see nearly all of the former members, who were delighted to be together again.

"Why is it," thought Eva, "all these people were strangers to me less than a year ago, yet I seem to know and understand them better than those whom I have known all my life?"

Instantly the Spirit answered, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we will have fellowship one with another, and the blood, or life, of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7.)

The lesson board was on the wall, on which Mrs. Ray had written out the references for study and inspiration.

"Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because He trusteth in thee." (Is. 26:3.)

"Thou wilt show me the path of life, in thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right

hand there are pleasures forever more." (Ps. 16:11; also Ps. 30:5; Ps. 92:13-14.)

The first hymn that was sung seemed most appropriate for the lesson.

"I do not walk alone, my joy I'd give to thee,
Oh, brother, sister, claim thine own,
And find sweet liberty."

The lesson was studied in much the usual way and then a summary written by Mrs. Fiske was read by Mrs. Ray.

"Beloved: 'Joy to the world the Lord is come.' After all our restless discontent and searching for satisfaction, we find the only permanent joy comes from a *conscious* union with God, the 'Indwelling Presence.' Then we exclaim as Mary did, 'My Lord and my God.'

"Our heart's hunger is satisfied. We are now sons and heirs of God, what more do we need to make us glad? We are born again, having washed away the old thoughts of gloom and fear and accepted the leaven of the Spirit which will lighten or illumine the whole lump of humanity. If we do the will of our Father we have Heaven here, and now. 'Enter ye into the joy of the Lord, awake to all the possibilities of your risen self.' He never called himself a poor miserable sinner, or ever said, 'I am a weak worm of the dust.' He said, 'All power is given to me in Heaven and on earth.'

"This is true of you. 'All things are possible to him that believeth. Not I, but the

Father in me. He doeth the work. Turn away from all thoughts of failure, be brave, fear not.'

"'The works that I do, ye shall do and more. Let him work in you and through you, it is His good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.' (Luke 12:32.) Be a good witness for him, demonstrating health, abundance and joy. Glorify yourselves with His glory. Rejoice that the wisdom of God, which is the foolishness of men, reveals a way to overcome the world.

"Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit. Watch the Lord win the victory for you. Let your joy be an expression of the Spirit; if you are not happy, try to make some one else happy, and see how quickly the mirror of life reflects happiness. Your real selves are sinless, pure and happy. 'Be ye therefore perfect.' See God or good in everything. His love in the warmth of the sunshine, His power and majesty in the storm, His beauty and wholeness in every one. Radiate sunshine. He only appeared to be a man of sorrows in order to comfort mankind, being acquainted with all of life's problems, yet knowing the solution.

"Be calm in your soul, in all of life's turmoil affirm, He restoreth my soul (poise, equanimity, self possession). Help others to be calm; silently speak the word for them for health, abundance and joy, in the crowded cars and streets, for 'My words are Spirit

and Truth, and they shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that thereunto they are sent.' Never separate yourself in thought from God. Always affirm, 'I and the Father are one.' (John 10:30.)

"For every discord affirm God is love, for love can transmute all things; not the weak, selfish thing we name love, but the great, broad universal love of God. For all who mourn, try the healing power of love, send out your love thoughts to those who have passed into the invisible realm. If you have neglected to speak the words of forgiveness, appreciation or love, it is *not too late.* Life *cannot* die, it is eternal, and thought is not bounded by time or space. *Live the life,* follow along the highway. (Is. 35). It is the way. Make your minds fertile with thoughts of God, then all the barren, solitary, lonely hours will vanish, your bewildered ideas will shape themselves in orderly ways, and refresh you with comfort and sweetness. Old doubts and fears, which were like lions and dragons in your path, will be overcome, even the serpent, which is only the symbol of worldly wisdom, will be gone, for we are redeemed by the Spirit, and sighing and sorrow will flee away. Weepers and wailers have missed the optimism of Christ, sorrow has no part in the heavenly plan.

"Put aside your worries, with an increase of faith, leave your creeds for Christ. Be of

good cheer, rise above your sorrows and rescue others from the vale of tears. If you would have the abiding peace that cannot be destroyed nor taken from you, continue true to the Christ within. It is not Christ crucified *any more.* '*It is finished.*' Christ is risen and is knocking on the *inside* of your heart's door, waiting for *you* to open, that he may live in your life and have expression through you."

As the last words were read by Mrs. Ray there was a stillness that could be felt in the room. Every one's thoughts seemed far away on the beloved little teacher. The stillness was broken by one of the members asking for Mrs. Fiske's favorite hymn,

"Open my eyes, that I may see
Glimpses of truth thou hast for me,
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp and set me free.
Silently now I wait for thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see.
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine."

In fancy they all saw a slender little figure, a gentle face crowned with silver hair, keen gray eyes and smiling mouth, singing with them. A beloved picture, never to be effaced.

The lesson was over, yet many lingered to discuss it. Eva heard different ones thank Mrs. Ray for the hospitality of her home, and the benefit derived from the lesson. As Eva bade her hostess good-bye, she said,

"No one will ever know how much I owe this class and Mrs. Fiske for my knowledge of Truth; it has simply transformed my life."

"And mine," said Mrs. Ray. "I do not like to think how I lived without it."

On the way home Eva meditated on the satisfaction and enjoyment of the lesson.

"I wonder what some of my friends would think of me," she mused. "If I should tell them the 'Truth' as I have learned it, they would say I had lost my mind." Then, smiling, she continued, "Well, maybe I have, but I have lost it to my higher self, I have found a truth I have *tested* and I would not exchange it for *all* the things I used to call 'happiness.' "

CHAPTER XX

NEVER SEPARATE (JOHN 10:30)

The evening hours were precious ones in the Channing home, and were never considered dull or uninteresting. The library table was spread with a wide choice of good reading. Eva's work basket also occupied space on it, as calls for repairs and buttons were frequent. A new book was absorbing John's attention as Eva seated herself near the reading lamp and took up a piece of needlework, which she presently put down and turned to her notebook that she always used at class lessons.

"Well, what's on your mind?" said John, as Eva sat quietly thinking.

"Oh, just today's lesson," answered Eva. "The subject was 'Happiness.' "

"What were the points?" inquired John.

"Well, the point that impressed me most, was to never separate ourselves in thought from God, to always be *one with him.* It seems so presumptuous for us to say, 'I and the Father are one.' "

"Yes, I suppose it does to most of us," said John, closing his book and settling back in his chair, as if willing to discuss the subject, much to Eva's delight. She always

enjoyed hearing John's views on the lessons.

"There are so many of us who seldom think of God at all, and when we finally come to it, we see a great many things very differently. The boys" (and Eva knew he referred to two with whom he had studied law and three fraternity men, who were located in the same building) "are beginning to be very much interested and impressed with the new view of things.

"After our financial reverses we had little to say to each other. Talking of them only made us feel worse. I seemed to be the first to recover, although I was hit the hardest, and they all knew it, because I was so cut up about losing your savings; then as our prospects brightened I tried to cheer the rest, and get them interested, but it seemed of little use until Bob Mason lost two of his children with the 'flu.'

"We all knew just how he was fixed, everything mortgaged to the limit, and we wondered what we could do to help him. One by one they drifted in to talk things over and we concluded to make up a little purse for him. I was glad to be able to contribute as much as all the rest combined.

"'Old Bob' tried to thank us, but couldn't. The tears just rolled down his cheeks as he shook hands with us. When everything had been done that could be done for Bob, they were all ready to talk

and think of God. I explained the 'Truth' to them as I believe men want to know it. Not goody, goody, pious, *sad stuff*, which we all get surfeited with, but to know God as an unvarying principle for power and good, which we, the varying factors, can utilize to the *extent* of our faith. An open choice for the working out of our own salvation and the responsibility placed on *each* individual.

"At first they looked at me as if they thought I was devising a new form of mental gymnastics for their entertainment," continued John, "but I told them to give it a fair tryout at least. I told them to learn the 91st Psalm. Anyway, I have done my best to put them on the inside track, and now it is up to them. It's a man's game, all right, and requires both courage and persistency to play it."

"Oh, John," laughed Eva, "the inside track and the highway must be the same way. I can't tell you how happy it makes me to think we are going along together."

"You are the watchman who has given the warning. Ezekiel 33:9. You have done your part," answered John.

Just then Hilda's voice was heard, in the dining room. She, too, had learned to sing, "There's a silver lining through the dark clouds shining."

"She seems happy, too," said John.

"I know she is," responded Eva, "because

she said 'big money' wasn't everything. She only held it long enough to pay for car-fare, lunches, and laundry and she was tired all the time with the noise and hurry. She likes domestic work best, where she can wear comfortable clothes and shoes, and find time to mend and knit. We seem to understand each other so much better nowadays; she knows we share every comfort with her, and I see her now as a *soul*, which I must help unfold, instead of as a servant. A vexatious problem was solved."

CHAPTER XXI

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

As the days are going by, what about Sonny? As far as possible, every unpleasant thing had been kept from his knowledge, as both father and mother believed childhood should be a period of blissful memories, and Sonny never knew how narrowly he had escaped paths of toil and hardship, through lack of preparation, into avenues of knowledge and glorious opportunity. He was in his senior year at high school and was an active, wholesome, happy lad. Very impatient at times with his parents because they would not allow him to quit school and enlist. Often hinting of "some folks" who were not very patriotic, until his father said, "Son, it is not patriotism that is troubling you, it is love of adventure. Make a success of the work in hand, and you will be ready for the next thing." Sonny was silenced. One day he came home, jubilant.

"Mother, who do you think I saw at school today?" he said. "I'll give you three guesses."

When Eva failed to guess she was told the name of Buddy, or, properly, James K. Lewis, his childhood friend.

"He's been transferred to our school, and

has invited me to lunch at his home Saturday. Of *course* you will say I may go."

As Eva assented, his cap went flying into the air and Eva was given several bear hugs.

Sonny arrived at Buddy's home an hour before lunchtime; he would have started still earlier had not his mother prevailed on him to rake the dead leaves from the lawn. Buddy was equally glad to have Sonny come early, there were so many things to talk about.

Buddy's den was over the kitchen, the day was warm and balmy and the windows were both open. Presently a most tantalizing odor pervaded the room. Sonny began to feel hungry and could think of nothing else. "Um, um," said Sonny, "how good that smell is, what is it?" "Oh, I know."

Pause. Sniff, sniff. Then both said "doughnuts!"

Buddy rushed downstairs, followed by Sonny, who found himself in an immaculate little kitchen where Sis was discovered with cheeks like pink roses, and all her pretty bright curls tucked under a dainty white cap, frying doughnuts.

Sonny looked at Sis, then at the bowl of doughnuts. Could this lovely girl with sleeves rolled away from plump white arms, and trim little figure in spotless gingham dress, be the same little Sis who used to gather all the dirt from everywhere on her round little person? He soon saw it was.

The same radiant smile answered him, then a vivid blush.

"I can't shake hands with you," she said, showing her floury hands, "but I am glad to see you. Have a doughnut, lunch will be ready soon."

Buddy had already helped himself to one and was handing the great brown bowl to Sonny. As Sonny ate his doughnut, his admiration for Sis grew greater and greater.

"Who would have believed she could grow into such a dandy girl?" he thought.

They all enjoyed the lunch. Sis received a number of compliments on her proficiency as a cook, and the time passed happily and without constraint. Mrs. Lewis frequently turned her face aside to hide her smiles as she listened to them. They had all grown up, yet they were still just simple, happy children.

Sunday afternoon found Eva deeply absorbed in a book, and she failed to hear Sonny outside the open window. He peeked in at her, then vanished to return with a long stemmed flower with which he tickled her. After brushing an imaginary fly away a time or two, Eva turned to see the culprit, who used his long legs most dexterously to climb through the window.

"Mother, I want a favor, a *sure enough* favor," he said.

"All right, son, what can I do for you?" said Eva.

"I want a *party*, a *real party*, everything nice, you know the *kind*," answered Sonny.

"For how many?" asked Eva.

"Just twelve, counting me," said Sonny with his hands on his chest, then taking a slip from his pocket he seated himself on the arm of his mother's chair, and together they looked over the names.

The names of Buddy and Sis were first on the list. An opportunity was given to Eva to ask Sonny about his former playmates, their studies and pursuits. Sonny was only too willing to talk of them, especially of Sis and her training in domestic science, the wonderful doughnuts and her ability to play and sing all the patriotic songs.

"Really, mother," he concluded, "she's just a *wonderful* girl, and *pretty*, too."

Eva was greatly amused at Sonny's frequent expressions of praise and admiration and determined to keep her eyes open.

"Well, how about the party, mother? Is it a go?" Sonny finally asked.

"Why, I think so," responded Eva, "father and I will talk it over. I'll tell you tomorrow."

This seemed equivalent to saying "Yes" and Sonny said, "That will be great. Mother, you're a peach." Several bear hugs followed. In a flash he had vanished as he came, through the window, and as her eyes followed his tall, lithe form, she realized that her boy was rapidly growing into man-

hood. She discovered Sonny was a prime favorite with the gentler sex. The very next day a beautiful little girl about five years old came on the porch where Eva was knitting and asked for the "great, big, long, high, tall boy," using her little hands to describe her meaning. With an effort to repress a smile Eva said, "He has gone to school, you must come again when he is home."

"My sister goes to his school, too," the little maid said, "and he gave her some of those flowers," pointing at the still blooming cosmos.

"Oh, *did* he?" said Eva, taking the hint, "maybe you would like to have some." The little lady smiled and nodded her head.

"Come along," said Eva, "we will get some."

With her little arms full of flowers she left, happily saying as she went, "Next time I come I'll get some *more*." Eva laughed. "Oh, for the faith of a little child," she said, "taking everything for granted."

CHAPTER XXII

DREAMS AND VISIONS

When Eva broached the subject of the party to John, he smilingly said, "Yes, of course, let us give him as many pleasures as we can at home, then he will not search for them elsewhere. Time flies so fast, it will not be long at best before he will be leaving us for a home of his own.

"Why can't we have a few of our friends in for the evening? It is a long time since we have done any entertaining. Our prospects look bright, we are under the law of the Spirit, let us share our pleasures."

Eva assented joyously, and preparations began at once.

Hilda was as happy as Sonny with the anticipation of a party, and they suddenly became great cronies. Sonny performed all sorts of tasks and errands with alacrity, and conferences were held in the kitchen almost every evening regarding the *kinds* of cake Hilda could make.

Sonny listened attentively as Hilda counted them on her fingers, especially one, she expatiated on it, the recipe having been handed down for several generations. The ingredients were raisins, currants, citron, orange peel, nutmeats, dates, honey and

spices, and which she assured him would keep fresh for months, it was so good. Sonny did not doubt anything except its "keeping" qualities. His mouth watered, he wanted to have a hand in that cake, and he offered to come home directly after school the next day and help to crack nuts and pick over the raisins.

Hilda listened gravely and said, "Tomorrow you must go by Mrs. Lewis' and get one more candle branch." Sonny had acquired a new tune which he sang or whistled on all occasions. It was about "Katie, wonderful Katie," and the high treble notes frequently broke and dropped down to a deep bass much to Hilda's surprise. Such music was not conducive to concentration, and Hilda decided she had better work out her cake problems alone.

Next day when Sonny returned from school his first exclamation was, "Great guns! what smells so good?" As his eyes feasted on the great golden brown cake with never a scorch or burn to mar it, he said, "If it tastes half as good as it looks and smells, it's a hummer."

Maybe Hilda did not understand what a hummer was, but she looked pleased. Soon the house was in shining spotless order and the larder replete with good things.

The night of the party arrived at last, clear, cold and starlit, making the cheer and warmth of the open fires most acceptable.

Huge feathery chrysanthemums, asters and marigold blossoms beautified the rooms. A number of pleasant surprises had been planned for the guests. Games and dancing to furnish entertainment for all.

Father and mother assisted Sonny in receiving his guests. As Sonny greeted Buddy and Sis, or Virginia, as her classmates called her, he asked for the first dance, and she smilingly assented. After the waltz was over he found his mother and whispered: "Did you see us, mother? Don't you think Sis is a *wonderful* dancer.

"Yes," assented Eva, with a loving smile, "wonderful is the word. Youth is a wonderfully beautiful time. I hope you will always be able to look back to it with pleasure and satisfaction."

The evening seemed to be a delightful one for all. As John and Eva watched the innocent happiness of the young folks; saw their fresh young faces and bright eyes; listened to their songs and laughter; their own youth was renewed. The refrain "Till we meet again" had changed to "Home Sweet Home," the last good night had been said, the door fastened for the night and most of the lights turned out, when Sonny stood before the grate stretching himself.

He was happy and almost too sleepy for words, as he said with a yawn, "Oh, Dad, wasn't it a *wonderful* party?"

Father and mother both laughed, agreed

with him, caressed him, and sent him to bed.

"Isn't he a dear boy?" said Eva. "We have made him *so* happy tonight."

"He is a fine fellow," responded John, heartily.

Taking a seat beside Eva and drawing her to him, he asked, "Do you feel repaid for all the effort, mother?"

"Yes, more than repaid," answered Eva, "everyone seemed so happy. I believe there is a difference in the atmosphere when you *share*, instead of *show* your blessings."

John smiled, but did not answer. He was looking into the glowing embers. His thoughts were of Sonny; whom he saw taking his place in the ranks of men;—following his profession. Beginning with a finer equipment than he had known, with a knowledge of the law that *sets men free*; and releases them from the bondage of fear, sorrow, poverty, sickness and death, from all the illusions of temporal things, and teaches men the reality of the unseen things which are eternal.

He saw him respected, honored, beloved, blending mercy with justice, helping others to find the way into the abundant life.

Eva's vision in the embers was also of Sonny, whose responsibility was daily placed with the loving Father, trusting that in His care all will be well.

She saw one of girlish loveliness at Son-

ny's side, one whom she could love and who would love her in return.

Is it the modest little Sis?

In the distance was a merry group of children, one a diminutive Sonny. They smiled and waved their hands, they called her "grandma," and to them she was a blessing and a comfort. The mantel clock chimed one.

"Time for all *young* people to be abed," said John, rising.

In the days that followed Eva found many opportunities for service and for teaching others to find the "Great Giver" of all good gifts. There was a subtle change in John, a broader charity in his heart for those who had missed the trail. Their home was one of beauty and harmony. "Love, sympathy and service" was the household slogan. Peace, blessed peace, had come again, and with it all that thankful hearts could express, but best of all was the peace they had found in their own hearts, a sure haven in every storm. In helping others they had found "Heaven, here on earth."

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."

THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM

God's spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to Him unclose,
The soul wherein God dwells—What church can holier be?
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.
Lo! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again what e'er was lost or lorn.
Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee, and set all things aright.
Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord his name with ye,
I feel Him but as Love, and love his name with me.
How far from here to heaven? Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.
Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee thy soul is all forlorn.
Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee:
Seekest thou for God elsewhere, His face thou'lt never see.
In all eternity no tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat.
Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must,
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.
Ah! would the heart but be a manger for the birth,
God would once more become a Child on earth.
Immeasurable is the Highest; Who but knows it?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

—From an old writing.

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